

# The Pocahontas Times.

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## WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS

Suspect that which pleases the senses.—Abernethy's Physic for the Soule, p. 63.

To be poor, dirty, hungry, to pass through life in misery, to leave it with fear, to be plagued with boils and sores, and diseases of every kind, to be always sighing and groaning, to have the face streaming with tears, and the chest heaving with sobs, in a word to suffer constant affliction, and to be tormented in all possible ways; to undergo all these things was deemed a proof of goodness, just as the contrary was a proof of evil. It mattered not what a man liked; the mere fact of his liking it made it sinful. Whatever was natural was wrong. The clergy deprived the people of holidays, their amusements, their shows their games and their sports; they repressed every appearance of joy, they forbade all merriment, they stopped all festivities, they choked up every avenue by which pleasure could enter, and they spread over the country an universal gloom. Then, truly, did darkness sit on the land. Men in their daily actions and in their very looks, became troubled, melancholy and ascetic. Their countenance soured and was downcast. Not only their opinions but their gait, their demeanor, their voices, their general aspect, were influenced by that deadly blight which nipped all that was genial and warm. The way of life fell into the sordid and yellow leaf; its tints gradually deepened; its bloom faded, and passed off; its spring, its freshness, and its beauty were gone; joy and love either disappeared or were forced to hide themselves in obscure corners, until at length the fairest and most endearing parts of our nature, being constantly repressed, ceased to bear fruit, and seemed to be withered into perpetual sterility. Thus it was that the natural character of the Scotch was in the seventeenth century, dwarfed and mutilated.—Buckle's History of Civilization.

We print the above in full as a criticism of the stern natures of Scotch ancestry of which we are so proud for traits of repression which are so violently condemned by that author. We people of the mountains have still the same names, the same natures and the same suspicions of worldly amusements that our forefathers had. When you take into consideration that the heart of man is desperately wicked and that we are prone to do evil as the sparks are to fly upward, then a stern rule of repression may in some degree overcome our natural tendency to sin and to riotous living.

It certainly prepared our forefathers for the rigors of the forest life in America where they laid the foundation for the greatest country that the world has ever seen. Such a man was the deeply religious Scotchman, who when his family was starving in the wilderness would not shoot a deer which appeared on the Sabbath day, but which very providentially returned the next day to be butchered.

It does not take much Scotch blood to tell. That is the old time martyr blood. From what we have seen and heard, we believe that the present inhabitants of Scotland are worldly minded and have not held fast to the example of their ancestry, and that the true Scotch spirit is only to be found in the protestants of America. This Scotch blood has curious effects. For instance, no one who has a trace, can ever use the words shall and will correctly. We have never learned to use the words properly and what is more we never will.

lawful pleasures, but also from lawful and indifferent delights.

Grace bridle the affections. A mothers' sinful, God-provoking anxiety for the health of her children. Lady Colfield had borne two daughters and was sinfully anxious after a son, to heir the estate of Colesfield.

The doctrine that the more you please yourselves and the world, the further you are from pleasing God, laid down in Binning's Sermons, is the orthodox text of our ministers today.

Colonel Blackader, a Scotch officer, and a widely traveled and educated man, sets down in his diary: We sat late but the conversation was innocent, and no drinking but as we please. However, much time was spent which I dare not justify.

When Charles the Second, King of England, visited Scotland, he was reprehended by the clergy because he smiled on Sunday.

When John Wilson was elected superintendent of the grammar school at Greenock, the magistrates and ministers stipulated that he should abandon "the profane and unprofitable art of poem making."

On September 22, 1649, the session of the parish of Stirling enacted that whoever should have music at a wedding, should lose their consigned money and be farther punished as the session thinks fit.

On February 17, 1650, an act of the General Assembly was read in all the churches of Edinburgh discharging promiscuous dancing. According to Alexander Peden, training children to say papa and mamma instead of father and mother, was one additional cause of God's wrath. William Kinnier, of Aberdeen, confessed that being on a journey and having two rivers to cross, and it raining, crossed these streams on Sunday, for fear that he could not cross them the next day, and he was sharply admonished. Margaret Brotherton, of Humber, having watered her cow on Sunday, was cited to appear, and confessed, and it was thereupon ordained that she be required to give evidence in public of her repentance the next Lord's day.

According to Hutcheson: "Such is the weakness even of godly men, that they can hardly live in a prosperous condition, and not be overtaken with some security, carnal confidence, or other miscarriage."

Every outward demonstration of natural good spirits was a sort of sin, to be as far as possible repressed. The absence of external appearance of joy in Scotland, in contrast with the frequent holidays and merry-making of the continent have been much remarked upon.

The Reverend Mr. Binning sums it all up in his epitome of man: "What a vile, haughty, and base creature he is—how defiled and desperately wicked his nature—how abominable his actions; in a word, what a compound of darkness and wickedness he is—a heap of defiled dust, and a mass of confusion, a sink of impiety and iniquity, even the best of mankind, those of the rarest and most refined extraction, take them at their best estate."

These are some few examples of the best thought of the race from which we sprung. The conscience which makes cowards of us all. That invests our ministers with the sanctity in which they are held by all, and causes our walk and conversation in their presence to be chaste and different. That controls our longings to spend our Sundays after doing our duty in the form of public worship, in such healthful sports as we might otherwise hanker for. In vain do philosophers say that such doctrines have curtailed the quality of happiness of which humanity is susceptible. Indulgences are not for us. It is like a member of the Jewish religion eating hog meat—that pleasure that might be otherwise derived from the indulgence, is more than offset by the conscience which scourges the offender.

It true, that among our clergymen, a habit of grave and de-

cent compromise, has taken the place of that bold and fiery war which their predecessors waged against a sensual and benighted world, and they rarely venture on those terrific denunciations with which the pulpits once resounded. But it will be many generations before the descendant of the Covenanter can get rid of the heritage of an uneasy conscience, which detracts from the most innocent amusements, and sickles over his hours of idleness with the pale cast of thought.

The hot blood of youth rebels against ancient traditions but with old age and experience comes a concession of the economic value of a stern repression of natural inclinations, and the wise parent is afraid to train his children in any other other way, and so every generation takes the benefit or the curse of a restricted life.

Buckle says that when the Scotch Kirk was in the height of its power, the only institution which could compete with it was the Spanish Inquisition, and there was a close and intimate analogy between the two. But of all his false deductions, for which he has become noted, none is more striking than this assertion. The Scotch Protestants taught the world the stern virtues of liberty and love of country, while the Spanish Inquisition had diametrically the opposite effect. Buckle has been dead these fifty years and had he lived until today he could have seen it for himself.

The effect of worldly amusements is summed up and stated succinctly by Cowper as follows: "The route is Folly's circle, which she draws,

With magic wand, so potent is the spell,  
That none decoyed into the fatal ring,  
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace escape,  
There we grow early gray, but never wise."

A typical old times "circuit rider" died recently in Alabama a man whose godly, unselfish life will long be remembered. Many were the eccentricities of this rugged old man, and many anecdotes are current among the Methodist ministers of the state concerning him. He was noted for two things—his denunciation of sin in no uncertain tones, and the familiarity with which he addressed the Lord in prayer. On one occasion he had been preaching in a log meeting house in the pine woods of north Alabama. There were several young fellows on hand who had been celebrating by patronizing a still hard by. After a long, fiery sermon the preacher made a call for mourners, and soon the rude altar was filled mostly by the afore mentioned young fellows.

The old man looked them over for a moment, and with keen intuition felt that it was a "lark" on the boys' parts, but he knelt to pray. "O Lord," he began, "here's a crowd of young fellows kneeling round your altar. They've been cussin' and swearin' and drinkin' and spendin' their time in riotous livin', but they've come up here seemin'ly penitent. They look like penitents, Lord, and I hope they are. They weep like penitents, Lord, and I hope you'll forgive them if they are, but, O Lord, I declare they don't smell like penitents."—Ex.

The recent sudden rise in the Greenbrier has left specimens of wreckage such as might be looked for by those searching the ruins of Austin, Pennsylvania. Near Marlinton a chair, a cement screen and a large mahogany lounge made up one heap of stranded driftage. Whence these articles came and who were the owners, has not been ascertained as yet, and up to this time they seem to be waiting for some higher tide to take them father on where such articles may be more appreciated. Not to prize lounges may be highly complimentary to the community and help to promote there is too much push and hustle for such things at Marlinton.

## ADANCE THAT WAS TURNED INTO A PRAYER-MEETING

[We republish the following incident from the Lexington Gazette, as one of our honored superannuates largely figures in the story. We wrote to Brother Boude for its verification, but he replied that his memory was hazy as to its details, but that the veracity of his friend Mr. Jarvis was beyond all question. It recalls an experience in the life of Peter Cartwright.—Note by Editor Baltimore Southern Methodist.]

An interesting story of a country dance of more than half a century ago changed into a prayer meeting by reason of the presence of a preacher, who was invited by one of the young ladies to "trip the light fantastic toe," was recently related by a visitor to Lexington.

The scene was laid in Pocahontas County, West Virginia; time, 1866; dramatic persona, Rev. A. Poe Boude, a Methodist minister, of Rockbridge county, now of Stanlyton, Page county, Va., and well known in Lexington and Mr. James H. Jarvis, of Rockbridge, now of Gainesville, Fla.

Mr. Jarvis is spending a few weeks in Lexington visiting his sister, Mrs. W. F. Pierson. He went South many years ago and has prospered as an orange grower and truck farmer. A few days ago he related the following story: In the year 1866, Rev. Mr. Boude and Mr. Jarvis visited friends in Pocahontas county, W. Va. On their return home as they rode along the sparsely settled country, one of the travelers suggested at the approach of night that they keep a lookout for a farm house in which to seek lodging for the night. Toward sundown they spied a comfortable looking farm house, and on approaching and requesting lodging, the man of the house readily agreed to keep the travelers over night. They dismounted and entered the hospitable home. Their host told the two strangers that a dance had been arranged at his house for the night and he hoped the joyousness of the occasion would not disturb them. The two young men, grateful for shelter for the night, assured their host that such an arrangement would not inconvenience them at all.

After supper young men and maidens of the neighborhood began assembling for the dance, and when a goodly number had arrived the young ladies gathered in a group in the room and judging from their animated conversation some interesting topic was under discussion. From frequent glances in the direction of the two strange young men, it was evident that they were under discussion. In a short time announcement was made that the young ladies would make selection of partners for the first dance. Immediately two charming maidens approached the two strangers and invited them to dance. They each accepted. And as the Rev. Mr. Boude took his place on the floor with his partner for the old Virginia reel, Mr. Jarvis says the thought came to him, "Go ahead, old fellow, and enjoy yourself; I'll never tell on you."

When all the couples were ready for the opening Rev. Mr. Boude turned to his partner and said: "I make it a rule never to engage in any undertaking on which I can not ask the blessing of God. Let us pray." Then kneeling down he offered a fervent and eloquent supplication. At its conclusion, the young folks appeared too much amazed to know what to do. Their host came to the rescue. He requested that the dance be turned into a prayer meeting, which was done. And the strangers remained over the next day, while Rev. Mr. Boude preached to a large congregation assembled from the surrounding country.

The two young men left their hospitable hosts the following day on their return to their home in Rockbridge. And this is the first time the story of that dance was ever related for publication.—Baltimore Southern Methodist.

## HUNTERSVILLE

Mrs. W. H. Grose and daughter, Miss Fay, were at Marlinton

Mrs. J. C. Louny is spending a few days with friends at Academy.

Cecil Sheets is sawing a lot of shingles for Isaac Barlow.

Austin Dearman, the Browns Creek school teacher, was at the county seat Saturday.

Charlie Grose is improving his residence by the erection of brick flues.

Mitchel Alderman started for Kansas City last Friday to attend an automobile school.

Mrs. G. M. Eryne, Mrs. Matilda Gabbert and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin were in town Monday Crawford Hull came up from Marlinton Saturday and is stopping at Moore's hotel.

Frank Grimes of Iowa, passed through our village Monday on his way to his brother, Hugh Grimes.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Reed were business visitors at the county seat Monday.

Mr. James Louny, the noted pedestrian, is rusticating and recuperating in this section.

Mrs. J. W. Baxter, of Marlinton who spent a week with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Barlow, returned to her home Saturday.

Mrs. O. E. McKeever and her daughter, Miss Lynette, went to see Mrs. McKeever's mother, Mrs. Atkinson, who is quite ill at her home near Buckeye, Saturday.

Mrs. Isaac Barlow, who has been very much indisposed for a week or more, is able to be up a part of the time.

Walter Bird has moved into the property recently purchased from G. W. Wagner.

Fred, son of Charles L. Moore, who has been in the west the past two years, is home again.

Will Bible, of Cass, was here last week digging the potatoes he raised on the Wagner lot. He had over sixty bushels.

Mrs. Sherman Gibson and Mrs. A. H. Sharp, of Frost, were shopping in our village last Saturday.

Our school will give a box social at the school building Friday evening, November 3rd, for the benefit of the school library. Everybody invited to come and the ladies asked to bring a box.

Rev. Thomas Morgan and Rev. A. L. Goodsell, of Mountain Grove, are conducting a series of revival meetings at Sunset. They report much interest at their services.

The first meeting of the Huntersville District Reading Circle was held here the 14th inst. with the following teachers present: Prof. Silas Walker, Pres.; J. H. Sydenstricker, Sec'y; Misses Margie Herold, Delphia and Kista Dearman, C. E. Flynn, D. L. Walker, A. E. Dearman and Joy Poling. While this was a very good percent of the teachers, yet we think more of them should have been present. Though the poorest district in the county, the teachers' wages were raised this year second to none in the county that we might get progressive, up-to-date teachers who would use every means possible for the betterment of themselves. True, they might be compelled to hire conveyances to reach the teachers' meetings but the \$15 raise in their wages should enable them to do this. Wide-awake lawyers attend their bar associations, progressive doctors attend their medical conventions and we believe the same class of teachers attend the teachers' meetings; so from the view point of a school officer and tax-payer, we would urge every teacher to attend these meetings and show that you richly deserve the increase in wages that the poorest district in the county has given you. Let us not be satisfied with our schools as good as any in the county but do our very best to make them the best schools in the county. We leave off with the hearty commendations of the teachers who were present last Saturday.

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Royal is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

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## ONOTO

We had the first frost of the season Tuesday morning.

Edgar Sharp is skidding logs for Smith Bros.

Owen Kellison is moving from A. C. Barlow's place to W. McClintic's.

Roy Colerider and Hugh Garth, of Harrison county, were here recently buying cattle.

C. Barlow was weighing up last week. P. L. Carter had nine lambs that tipped the scales at one hundred and two pounds a head.

Porter Kellison is in Harrison county on a visit.

W. G. Cochran had a corn shucking Wednesday.

Lanty Ervin and P. L. Carter went to Laurel Creek Sunday to conduct singing.

A. C. Barlow went to Mingo Monday with a bunch of sheep for Frank Maxwell.

Mrs. Adam Baxter, of Marlinton, who has been visiting Mrs. Margaret Baxter, has returned home.

Mrs. Nancy Gilmore, who has been on the sick list, is better.

W. H. Vanreeman spent Sunday with friends at Huntersville.

S. J. Payne and Mr. Roger here recently, insuring the people.

Miss Nettie Vanreeman, of Marlinton, is visiting home folks.

## WAS JUDAS FAT?

He was not so represented by the early painters. Yet, why not? A betrayer enjoys betraying. Why should not a Judas, who enjoys jудay, be fat and smiling?

We know a gentleman who said, when running for the Presidency: "I wish there to be no doubt as to the revision of the tariff. I am a tariff revisionist."

"Tariff revisions should be immediate, and on the whole there should be a substantial revision downward."

"Tariff duties ought to be reduced."

But when he became President he snapped his fingers in the faces of his electors and joyously betrayed his trust. And a fatter and more smiling gentleman you will scarcely find between Maine and Texas.—Life.

England's Cheese Production. Owing to the growing demand in England for soft cheeses, a Yorkshire agricultural college has issued leaflets to encourage farmers to make cheeses of the types of Camembert, Brie, Pont l'Evêque and Gervais, as made in France.

HOW IS THE TIME TO SELECT YOUR HEATER? We offer Cole's Original Hot Water Heating System with confidence; they are the best made. The best method of heating is to heat at all times, that the coal does not waste away and you don't have to kindle a fire in the morning or with other stoves. This hot water heater is growing in popularity every year. We expect to double our sales in this line this year. Come now and make your selection. We will have your heater ready for you when you wish it to be up.—(3-25)

## THE SKY

No earthly or artistic skill Can ever once compare With beauties of the vaulted sky. Inimitably fair.

The pure white clouds, like isles, repose Upon an ocean blue; And roseate paths where angels tread, Almost within our view.

Ah! go not forth to studios, The grandeur is o'er head. So beautiful is God's handiwork, On canvas He hath spread.

And it is all our very own, Free as the air we breathe; Anon sublime, then soft and sweet As garlands children breathe.

If Heaven's outer courts are such, Let down for us to see; Glimpses of glory unrevealed, What must "The Holy" be? A. L. P.

Tuesday, October 24, 1911, at 4 p. m., a quietly arranged marriage took place in the parlor of Inframonte cottage. The parties were John H. Strother and Miss Bessie Spence, Rev. Wm. T. Price officiating minister. Mr. Strother is a native of Giles county Va., near Radford, a son of J. M. and Mrs. Hannah Collins Strother, and is an industrious young citizen with good prospects. The bride is a daughter of Mr. James and Mrs. Nannie Bishop Spence, residence Watoga, and is an attractive young person. The bridal party honors Marlinton as the place of their honeymoon and thence return to Watoga, where a deserved welcome awaits their home coming.

## LADIES!

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Are successful business men. Men experienced in the handling of financial affairs. They give time and care to the workings of the Bank—the safeguarding of all funds entrusted to its care. Fully realizing that each and every account, be it large or small, has its influence in the upbuilding of our town and community they respectfully solicit your account. The First National Bank Marlinton, W. Va.